

THE GOOD LIFE

And I shall die and leave behind
All that I ever knew:
An emptiness, a nothing,
And moments oh so few.

I dared not do what I desired
For fear of future fate;
But time passed on and I regretted.
A waste--oh what a waste!

How great a wealth that I have stored;
Timidity and fears pervade.
I was a fool--God what a fool--
I, who my self enslaved.